

RELIGIOUS READING.

RELIGION AND REFORMS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Anarchy is the ripest fruit of the Godless Ideas and Tendencies of Our Age. Writes Rev. Ira S. Dodd—Need of God.

This fleshy fold of clay which wraps us round, This tenement of earth in which we dwell, So pricked with many a grievous wound, And aurling darts of pain from cell to cell,— Shall as God wills be changed to one all fair, Imperishable as the stars above, Freed from earth's withering blasts of care, Free through infinite realms of space to move, Then the spirit here so fettered in its flight, Imprisoned in its crumbling walls of clay, Shall burst its chains to soar in radiant light, With angels soar, in bright immortal day. All holy joys and aspirations won, When of the skies there breaks the golden dawn! —Mrs. Lisa A. Fletcher.

ANARCHY AND SIN.

Do we understand the creed of the anarchist? The thorough going anarchist believes that men should be free to do what they feel like doing. He believes that law, government, religion, the institutions of society are obstacles in the way of such freedom, which must be broken down and destroyed before there can be any complete emancipation. He denies all restraints and most of all he passionately denies God. Killing kings and presidents is simply living up to his creed. Such acts appear to him the most effective blows at the established order of things. Anarchy is the logical outcome, the ripest fruit of the godless ideas and tendencies of our age. When we allow business interests to take precedence over the duties of human brotherhood or the demands of God's righteousness, when we go on the principle that a thing is right because it pays, when we try to appease the discontent inevitable amid such glaring contrasts between the successful and the unsuccessful, with charities that are cheaper than justice; when by selfish neglect we allow our politics to become a matter of spoils and pulls, managed on the theory that every man has his price; when we grow so doubtful about God that we cease to fear His just displeasure against our sins, and so indifferent to the cry of His Fatherhood that we make our personal comfort and convenience more important than His loving service; when we forsake God—then we are preparing a soil where anarchy will grow and flourish; nay, we are fostering fears, jealousies, hatreds, discontents, which shall become a very hot-bed of anarchy. We cannot do without God. There is no standard of righteousness or of truth, or of love in the world or in mankind that is big enough to compel our respect, strong enough to command our obedience, clear enough, accurate enough to measure ourselves by; high, holy, beautiful enough to lift us out of ourselves into that spiritual enthusiasm which we need of right doing. We cannot do without God. For the path for right doing and true living is not easy. To walk in it we must trample on the beast within us; it leads the contrary way to the broad road of our selfish desires, it is a narrow way of sacrifice and effort. To walk in it we need a better strength, a nobler impulse than our own. Neither you nor I, nor our nation, nor human society, can do without God. All they that forsake Him shall be ashamed. He is the fountain of living water. He only is our salvation.—Rev. Ira S. Dodd, in New York Observer.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"The Golden Rule" was the subject of a recent sermon of the Rev. John Mason at the Orchard P. M. Church, on Oakland street, Philadelphia. He spoke in part as follows: "Let us observe what will take place if the Golden Rule was the governing principle of men's lives. First, society would be free from the tongue of slander. One of the banes of human society today is the slimy tongue of the vile backbiter and scandalmonger that 'bears false witness against his neighbors.' How it has injured the reputation of thousands and robbed them of their good names. Shakespeare says of such a person: 'He who steals my purse, steals trash; but he who flitches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed.' How it has driven the minister from the pulpit and driven him to a premature grave! How it has separated husband and wife, and broken up once happy homes and divided families and the best of friends! The slimy tongue of slander is set on fire of hell, and what a fire a little matter from it kindleth. I have seen churches or

communities rent asunder by the tongue of slander, and when the matter was sifted to the bottom, there was no reason for it whatever. The slanderous tongue is thoughtless, indifferent and heartless. Should this become the ruling principle, dishonesty and dishonest acts would disappear from society. There would be no more adulteration of food, putting water in milk, sand in sugar, chalk in flour, or other practices that are just as bad, by which our neighbors and fellow-men are robbed and the pockets of others lined. There would be no more light weights or short measures or false balances, which is another method of robbing the people, and which is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord. If the golden rule was the controlling principle of men's minds there would be no more of the speculation and gambling practices that exist today. What gambling there is going on in society today, what numbers of people are trying to get something for nothing, coveting what other people possess! If the golden rule was the order of the day there would be no more of the corruption and evil practices that make us blush today. Bribery for office, bribery for legislation and bribery for influence and the business would not be heard of again.

HOW TO PREVENT WORRY.

To cure worry the individual must be his own physician; he must give the case heroic treatment. He must realize, with every fiber of his being, the utter, absolute uselessness of worry. He must not think this is commonplace—a bit of mere theory; it is a reality that he must translate for himself from mere words to a real, living fact. He must fully understand that if it were possible for him to spend a whole series of eternities in worry it would not change the fact one jot. There are two reasons why man should not worry, either one of which must operate in every instance. First, because he cannot prevent the results he fears. Second, because he can prevent them if he be powerless to avert the blow he needs perfect mental concentration to meet it bravely, to lighten its force to get what salvage he can from the wreck, to sustain his strength at this time when he must plan a new future. If he can prevent the evil he fears then he has no need to worry, for the would, by so doing, be dissipating energy in his very hour of need. If he does, day by day, ever the best he can by the light he has, he has no need to fear, no need to regret, no need to worry. No agony of worry would do ought to help him. Neither mortal nor angel can do more than his best.—William George Jordan.

WORTH AND WORTHLESSNESS.

Humanity is better and worse than men have painted it. There has been a kind of theological pessimism in denouncing human sinfulness which has been blind to the abounding love and patience and courage and fidelity to duty among men. The passionate lamentations of the prophets about the absoluteness of Israel's sin must not be petrified into a dogma of the moral worthlessness of man. On the other hand, the sense of shortcoming and guilt will not away. The noblest soul have it most profoundly. The more we know of God's holiness, the more do we realize the gap between it and our own. After all we are sinners saved by grace alone, and we can never bargain with God on the basis of our merits. This humility before God is one of the fundamental characteristics of a really Christian soul.—Sunday School Times.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Christmas gifts.—Monday, Dec. 16. Notable presents, 1 Kings 9:10-16, 4 Kings 8:9, Dan. 5:29; Tuesday, Dec. 17, God's gift in Christ, Rom. 5:12-21; Wednesday, Dec. 18, Offering life to Jesus, Acts 20:17-25; Thursday, Dec. 19, Bring Christ your best, John 12:1-8; Friday, Dec. 20, Giving for a blessing, Mat. 3:8-12; Saturday, Dec. 21, Jesus worthy of all Rev. 4:11, 5:9-14; Sunday, Dec. 22, topic, Our gift to our King, Mat. 2:1-12.

A Wealthy Parish.

The Episcopal parish having the largest single income of any in America, Episcopal or any other religious body, is St. Bartholomew's, New York the receipts of which run from \$205,000 to \$220,000 a year.

ABSTRACTS FROM SERMONS.

Our bodies are manacled, our souls bound and our spirits shackled, and we crave peace to be found alone in the Father's safe abiding place, the shelter of God's loving arms.—Rev. Dr. Virgin, Worcester, Mass.

Jesus made no distinction between rich and poor, between weak and strong. That a soul stood before him longing for its highest possibility was to him the one important fact.—Rev. Dr. Taylor, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Jesus is the ideal and the promise of completed manhood. His victory was the victory of humanity. His service was the service that humanity can render always and everywhere.—Rev. Dr. Littlefield, Presbyterian, New York City.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Sometimes in dreamy reverie I float away in memory, And drift far back to Isles where we In happy days, long lost to me, Built castles in the air.

On Isles 'mid seas of heavenly blue, Which only my hope and fancy knew, Beyond the reach of human view, Save yours and mine, I dwell with you In castles in the air.

O happy clime! So fair and bright! Where in the purple, golden light, Through one long day that had no night, We worked and built to wondrous height Our castles in the air.

Such happy hours they were withal We never dreamed our castles all Would sometime into ruins fall, And only memory recall Those castles in the air.

For still your scornful laugh I hear, When once I dared express a fear These castles might not last a year, You said, 'They'll last forever dear, These castles in the air.'

Long since from dreaming we awoke; Yet from the past I oft invoke Your fair, sweet face as thus you spoke, Or see it in tobacco smoke, 'Mid castles in the air.

Sometimes I dream of you until I almost think you living still; Then breaks the spell! With saddest thrill I realize no more we will Make castles in the air.

Yet who shall say there may not be, Awaiting in futurity, Some other clime, where we shall see Restored for all eternity Lost castles in the air? —The Home Magazine.



The Ghost of the Aloho.

BY C. P. GREENLEY.

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The scorching summer had passed, and the October winds shrilled over the wastes of brown sage grass, where the prairie chickens fluttered from every knoll, and the sharp, insistent

"Bob White," "Peas ripe?" "Not quite" rang to and fro on the nipping frost-laden air.

There was a vague hint of uneasiness among the men and cattle. Twice, there had been a barely averted stampede, and the cause—there lay the crux of the matter.

You have heard, how in the first days of the Aloho, it was owned by an Englishman who set his traditions at naught, and took to wife the daughter of Jose, the Mexican, whose ranch lay to the south, touching the Aloho for miles? Then you have also heard the tale of the glass-eyed broncho, who galloped from the Red death, straight into the cyclone's heart?

Many years have come and gone since then. The black-eyed Nita sleeps in the old Spanish cemetery where the white trail of the mesa ends; and the Englishman has gone to his own place over-sea.

In the old hacienda, a young Jose reigns in the old man's stead; but when the autumn comes, and the Dark Gods ride over the mountain crest and mesa, men say that the glass-eyed broncho gallops out to the West—woo to the herd, and woo to the man that meets him along the ride, for death and ruin ride in the wake of the fire-shod heels, and the cattle quiver with fear, as the long-drawn neigh shrills out of the dark.

White man, red man, cowboy and greaser, when the night comes, and they gather at the gate of the corral, whisper ominously, and there is a silence that means trouble.

John had laughed much and argued more, but against a dead wall of

on John expressing his opinion of men, women and things, including Miguel and the glass-eye, which was not a thing, he failed to answer to call. Neither were Bright-eyes or the papoose to be found.

John came in that night, seemingly having caught the mood of the men. I stood it as long as woman-nature could be expected to, and then began to question him.

Two or three turns up and down the room, and then he faced around in his favorite position on the hearthrug.

"It amounts to this, little woman: The entire layout of the Aloho have



The glass-eyed broncho, gone ghost crazy, and there will be serious trouble if I cannot find some way to stop it. Some have actually refused to ride the trail that leads from Jose's. I will ride it myself in the morning. At the present stage of the game, it will never do to force an issue. Pete and Miguel together have set the whole force by the ears, and the cattle seem to have caught it, too. They are roving all the time, and it is hard enough to keep up with them as it is, without this additional nonsense.

The morrow dawned—a perfect October day, and to John's dismay, I ordered Red Bess saddled, and insisted on riding that trail with him.

"Let me go, it will do more to quiet them than anything else," I said, and after a show of argument, he agreed with me.

The boys crowded to the gate as we rode out, and there was a faint cheer as they caught sight of me. I saw an anxious look on old Pete's face, as he stood, the last one gazing after me, for the trail that led to Jose's was the trail the glass-eye rode. John's spirits went up as we cantered along, and the day passed swiftly. The cattle were scattered here and there—under our feet the dried grass rustled, and the keen wind died down. We talked of many things, but, somehow, could not keep off the subject of the two that had once ridden this trail in the long ago. Two, young and full of life as we, and now—that Aloho was ours, and they were passed beyond. John told me old tales that he had heard from the rangers, of the early days when men and women faced the red death day by day, and the song of the bullet shrilled above the cradles of the wilderness—stories of the old graves in the cemetery, where Nita lies, of the Spanish rancheros, and the passing of priest and don before the hardy men from the East.

The heat grew more intense. The cattle were very quiet at first, but as the day declined, they began to wan-

der restlessly, and in the pawing hoofs and lifted horns, John woke up to the danger. In the North, the haze resolved itself into a heavy bank that grew every moment. We were miles from home when we turned. The herd before us began to circle back. John's face grew graver with every glance at the darkening North. Little gusts of wind came and went, now whirling the sand in small columns, then dropping, like a live creature toying with its prey. It grew so dark that I could hardly see John's face as he rode alongside me.

"Margaret, my Margaret, we must ride for our lives. Never mind the cattle." As these words left his lips there was a prolonged roar, a blinding crash, and the world was shrouded in a fire-veined void of night, and the crash of God's artillery filled all space.

Red Bess trembled and stood still with a low whinny of fear. The horse that John rode sunk to his haunches, as out of the night, over the thunder voices, rang the shrill sharp neigh of a horse, and the sharp, keen ring of galloping hoofs—so near, that as he passed, the glare of the lightning shone on the white eye-balls. With bridle and empty saddle, passed the glass-eyed broncho.

Red Bess screamed, and lunged out with her hoofs, and then like a mad thing, flew for home. I can tell it yet, the cut of the wind and the drenching rain, with the awful cannonade, and behind us a new sound, the like of which had never yet been heard—the rush of a thousand maddened cattle. John gave Red Bess a cut with the quirt and digging his spurs deep, we made the race for our lives. I could see his face, as the green glare of the lightning flashed between us, but I could not hear a word. It was a silent goodbye, that each thought to be the last, and still we rode on.

Just out from the corral, came Miguel and Pete, heading a searching party. It was home and safety, and there were no questions asked, but Miguel crossed his breast as he bared his head in a muttered prayer to "Our Lady of Guadalupe."

Of that night's work, and the ruin that lay in the track of the glass-eyed broncho, it would be weary telling, but when the pitiful remnants of the herd was rounded up, and we faced the worst, relief was written on every face. We had "Dreed the weird," and over the fire, the men sang the border songs once more, and told even darker tales of the "Ghost of the Glass-Eyed Broncho."

Happy, Though Miserable.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., the other day got out of his \$15,000 Mercedes racer with a queer expression on his face. "Run into anybody?" queried a friend casually. Mr. Vanderbilt's expression expanded into a slow, full smile. "Well, ye-es—in a way," he said. "The other day at a dinner I ran across an old bore of a fellow, who expressed the most ardent ambition to have a ride in my racer. As I didn't take any notice of his hints, my gentleman deliberately asked to be allowed to have a ride, to which I had to consent, as he was a friend of the family, you know, though I made an inward vow to shake him up a bit. You see, he had never before been on an automobile. Well, I took him along today. I started at a quiet little gallop, taking care not to increase the speed gradually, as of course he would not then have felt it, but just when he was in the midst of an ecstatic eulogy on the 'calm, even floating motion of automobiling,' I turned on full speed and let the thing fly. He clung to his seat with his two hands, his eyes fairly shining and bulging with fear and excitement. 'How do you like it?' I asked, as the wind whirled his hat off. 'Wh-hy,' he stammered between his gasps for breath, 'my lad, I've just solved the problem of how to be happy though miserable!'"—The Motor World.

The World's Wine Butt.

The total production of wine in 1900 is estimated at 3,618,700,000 gallons. Of this total 3,403 million gallons was produced in Europe, and 260 million gallons in America, while the British Empire, with a vastly larger area than Europe, and embracing every variety of soil and climate, is only represented by a production of some 9,000,000 gallons or a four-hundredth part of the whole. France, with a yield of 1,482 million gallons stands easily first as the leading wine producer. Her contribution was about half the yield of all Europe, and considerably more than a third of that of the entire globe.

Water in Bamboos.

Mr. R. H. Yapp, a British naturalist, who has recently explored the mountain ranges of the Ma'ay Peninsula, reports the hitherto little-known fact that in several species of bamboo the hollow internodes—the parts of the stems between the joints—are stored with large quantities of naturally filtered water. The knowledge of this fact might be of great service in an emergency.

A Natural Query.

Mother—Well, dear, what is it? Gertrude—Do you think, mamma, you will ever learn to love me as much as you do Fido?—Puck.